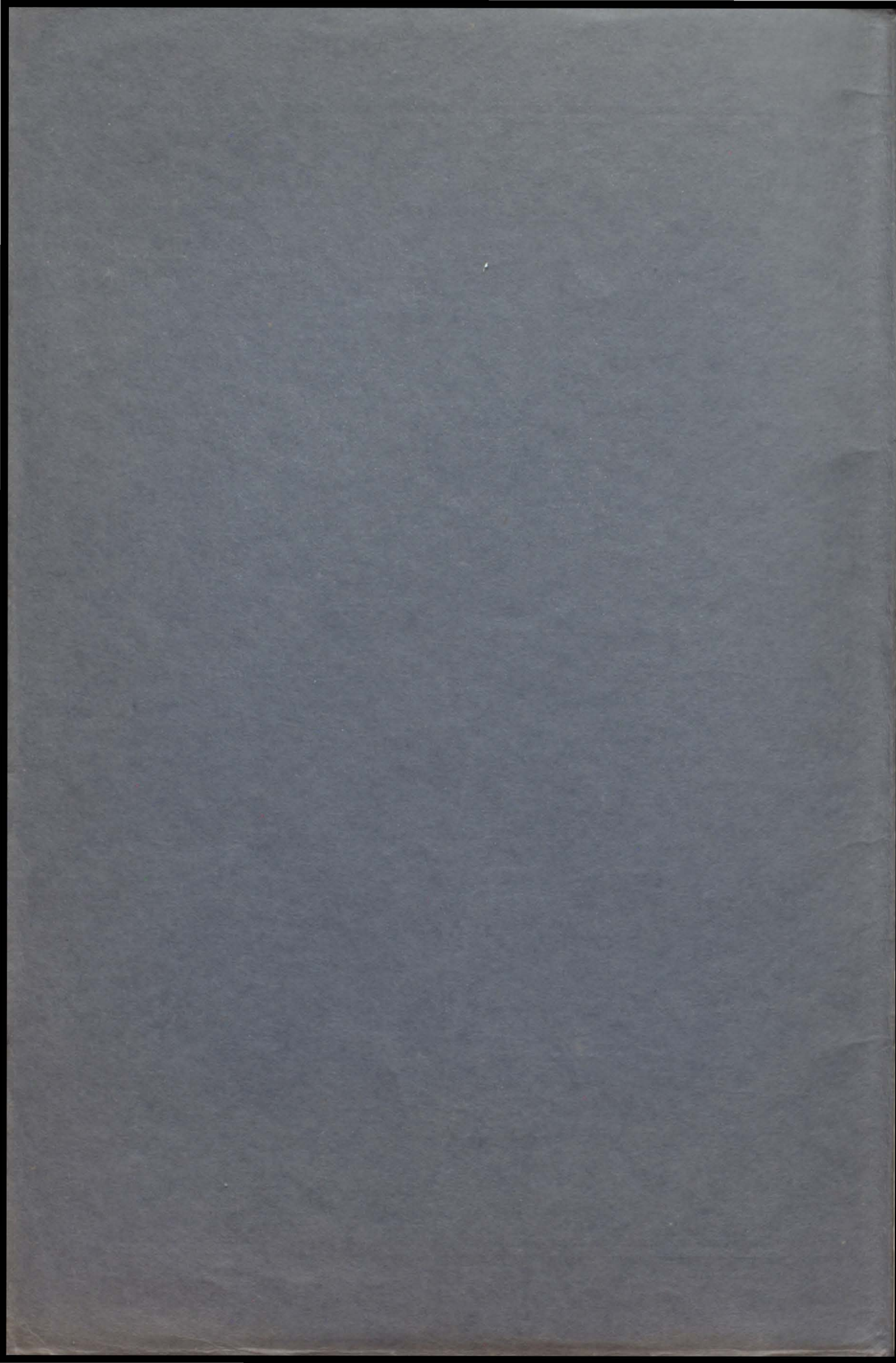


THE ASTER



Senior Number

1925-1926



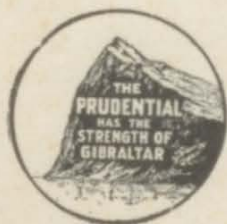
The Road to Tomorrow

RESPONSIBILITIES and obligations are major contributors to the glorious adventure derived from a useful life.

SOME of these duties are conventional, hence known in advance, and are assumed after thorough preparation for them. Others are wrapped in the uncertain future, develop unheralded, and when they manifest themselves, challenge the resourcefulness of those upon whom they rest.

AMERICA'S womanhood long since has shown an infinite capacity for intelligent consideration of possible emergencies of the future, and in no way has this faith in preparedness been more emphatically reflected than by her attitude toward life insurance as the Great Protector of her home and loved ones.

THOSE who are young are most fortunate, for they may acquire this security at low premium cost, through any one of many policy forms. The Endowment is particularly attractive and the Prudential representative in your community will be glad to explain it, or an inquiry directed to the Home Office will bring you the information you desire.



The Prudential
Insurance Company of America

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President*

Home Office, Newark, New Jersey

BEACH ELECTRICAL CO. INC.

Electrical Contractors

149 ACADEMY STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN G. KELLER, INC.

Heating and Piping Contractors

148 ACADEMY STEET, NEWARK, N. J.

KELLER ENGINEERING CO. INC.

Fire Prevention Equipment.

Automatic Sprinklers

149 Academy Street, Newark, N. J.

THE ASTER

Published by the Pupils of the Prospect Hill Country Day School
346 Mount Prospect Avenue, Newark, N. J.
Entered as Second Class Mail

Volume XXIV

June, 1926

No. 3

Board of Editors, 1925-1926

Editor-in-Chief	Doris Sprague, '26
Associate Editor	Eleanor Brown, '26
Alumnae Editor	Esther Sherman, '26
School Editor	Katherine Krementz, '26
Exchange Editor	Constance Keller, '26
Art Editor	Emily McGregor, '27
Verse Editor	Gladys Heller, '27
Athletic Editor	Frances Hare, '27
Class Editor	Katherine Hawkes, '27
Asterisk Editor	Gertrude Stevenson, '26
Business Manager	Dorothy Goerke, '26
Assistant Business Manager	Virginia Rucklehaus, '26
Treasurer	Carmen Ingersoll, '26
Assistant Treasurer	Mary Holmes, '27

Board of Editors, 1926-1927

Editor-in-Chief	Gladys Heller, '27
Associate Editor	Katherine Hawkes, '27
Alumnae Editor	Mary Holmes, '27
School Editor	Eleanor Carrington, '27
Exchange Editor	Ione Muldoon, '27
Art Editor	Margaret Price, '27
Verse Editor	Emily McGregor, '27
Athletic Editor	Helen Hapgood, '28
Class Editor	Margaret Carrington, '28
Asterisk Editor	Katherine Phelan, '28
Business Manager	Frances Hare, '27
Assistant Business Manager	Elizabeth Smith, '28
Treasurer	Charlotte Ulrich, '27
Assistant Treasurer	Arline Nuessle, '27

Table of Contents

	Page
Editorials	5
On Departure	6
A Fourteenth Century Modernist	7
To Milady	11
"A City of Needles"	12
A Decade of Shelley	16
Night in Russia	19
Meditations	19
Senior Pictures	20
The Senior History of '26.....	27
A Spring Garden	29
The Sea	29
School Notes	30
School Song	33
Alumnae Notes	34
Sports	35
Exchanges	36
The Asterisk	38
Advertisements	41



EDITORIALS

To the Seniors

I

THE LAST LAP! It is at once both triumphant and sad. In spite of our eagerness to push school days behind us or to form a solid foundation for further education and maturity, we shall find many hours tinged with the gray blue of memories. Hard as it is for us to realize it now, school days are the most carefree that we shall know, for the burden of our life at present is only to pass examinations and to attain another grade. When all this is finished, perhaps not to our entire satisfaction, but finished, we shall step across the breach that separates us from the world to find—what? For some, high school is the end of book learning and experience takes its place as instructor; for others, college fills a few more years. But the uniform casement around each of us is abandoned and we live our own personalities and lives. We are like a moth first stepping from its drab cocoon to realize its own unexpected beauty and the interesting facts of the world. The most difficult question to meet will be what to do with our new freedom. Each one must decide just what her talent is and how to develop it, for the general good.

Four years ago with a sense of infinite importance and self-assurance, we stepped into the harness of high school. As each year passed our sense of importance decreased and we felt ourselves pygmies in the struggle to succeed. Now this struggle is over; for some it is a crowning glory, for others just a course in events; but for all it is the completion of another volume in the set of education. When these four years grow a little dim in the distance of the past and *life* becomes a more vital reality then, a little late, we shall realize how dwarfed a struggle high school was beside our present occupations.

All through life we attain our goals and then are pushed back by a hand stronger than our desire, and we begin once more. We started in kindergarten and reached the longed-for goal of gradua-

tion from grammar school *only* to be thrown back into the insignificance of a freshman in high school; at the end of the course we sit on the top of our world only to find the foundation crumbling and we are again at the beginning of something else. So whatever our present views are regarding these past four years, we shall soon come to look back on them with a regretful and envious fondness and sigh a little as we turn once more to begin the new task.

II

Character, the sum of our moral and mental qualities, seems very often to be quite remote from our thoughts. One would imagine that character mattered very little in the every day round, whereas it should count for a great deal, if for no other reason than that we must have it with us all our lives. It affects daily not only ourselves but all others with whom we come in contact.

Although moral qualities may be to some extent inherited, it is for each one of us to pry into life ourselves, to stretch our thoughts and seek out the truth of everything. Thus by knowing truths, we can build our lives on them and have a fuller understanding of all mankind.

We must also seek into the depths of our own hearts, consider the motives that prompt us; then knowing them we can endeavor to correct or strengthen as we find the need. Life is bound to vary for each, but the direction of the variation, the abundance of good or evil that fills that life, is left to us. We must determine the worthwhile things in life, things that will help us to attain a more perfect character.

If we are able to know the truths of life, and to dissect and apply the fine qualities in the hearts of the leaders of men, we have a firm cornerstone on which to build our own character.

* * *

On Departure

Old school, though we are leaving you
Do not forget that in each heart
Are thoughts that never will depart.
And happy mem'ries, too.

You are not losing us, you know—
Affection's roots are deep and strong
And Prospect Hill will be our song
Wherever we may go.

So now on our departure we,
Because of love for you we bear,
Do wish your days may all be fair
Filled with prosperity.

DOROTHY SCHNEIDER, '26.

A Fourteenth Century Modernist

SOMEONE once said that the mind which conceived the wheel was that of the world's greatest genius, since upon this seemingly simple device is based almost every later invention. We say invention of the wheel; do we not rather mean discovery, for everything goes in circles. The earth itself revolves ever about the sun; centuries roll on and nations rise and fall; men are born, they live and die, returning to the dust from whence they came. All things have their ascent, their climax, their descent, and to this rule of the inevitable circle, English literature is not an exception. Truth and beauty compose the sun about which it yearly revolves. Sometimes this sun is sadly obscured by black clouds of crude barbarism or gray clouds of paltry artificiality; but it has time and time again unfailingly shone out by means of its own great worth with a glorious brightness.

Each cycle of English literature is marked by its own particular characteristics. In the present age our poets and authors take most pleasure in portraying life and love as they really are. They are inclined to think themselves unique in courageously departing from the imaginative and improbable. However, in proof of our principle of the wheel, we refer specifically to a poet of undisputed rank and genius who, despite the fact that he lived nearly six hundred years ago, was as true a realist as any composer of modern verse.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the son of a well-to-do wine merchant, was born about 1340 in London. He received his early education and training as a page in the household of the Duke of Clarence. When only nineteen, he went to France in the service of Edward III to fight in one of the campaigns of the Hundred Years' War. Later, besides holding offices at home, among which were Comptroller of Customs and representative in Parliament as Knight of the Shire for the County of Kent, he went several times on diplomatic business to the continent—to Flanders, France and Italy. On those affairs which took him to the last country, he learned much about Italian literature, which knowledge greatly influenced his writings. Chaucer, considering the many disadvantages and actual hardships involved in voyages of the fourteenth century, was an exceedingly well-traveled man, and in his poems we see evidences of his wide experiences at home and abroad. It is presumed that Chaucer continued to make translations and compose poetry throughout his military and political career up to the time of his death in 1400. He was the first and is still the greatest of the English poets to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Chaucer wrote in Middle English from which the grammar and vocabulary of present day English has directly developed. For this reason and because of his simplicity and clearness of expression,

his poetry is not so difficult to read in spite of the unfamiliar orthography; moreover, it is well worth surmounting the few perplexities involved in the reading of his compositions to gain a knowledge of their beauty and truth.

But although Geoffrey Chaucer alone did not create the literature of the late fourteenth century, this "firste finder of our fair language," went farther afield than his contemporaries to delight his world with tales and descriptions from life and actual experience. His fame and popularity were early hailed and acknowledged both in England and abroad, and in his own day he was conceded the greatest of English poets.

However, the test of real worth is the test of time. Though there have been periods in the history of English literature since Chaucer was "Layed in his cheste" that his poetry was not read because, as in the Puritan age, of the "vulgar reality," of its texture, it has always been revived and read and studied thereafter with greater vigor than before.

It is difficult to compare any other poet with Shakespeare without seriously reducing the former's works in standing and in dignity; but Chaucer's poetry is of too high a grade to suffer by comparison and it is interesting to note some ways in which their influence and their subjects coincide. Both dealt with a greater variety of topics than any other English poet, and both started a new order of things in the history of English literature, Shakespeare exalting the drama and Chaucer revolutionizing poetry in language, form, topic and treatment. Shakespeare's compositions deal principally with the upper strata of society, while Chaucer tells of the Shipman who "was a good felawe" with as great understanding as of the "verray parfit gentil knight."

The generation of to-day demands the truth—truth of thought and truth of expression—but many modern writers seem to think that truth exists only in the details of unpleasant situations. When we pick up any piece of modern literature to read, we are almost certain to find depicted therein very real and vivid scenes of modern life; and when we have finished reading we ask ourselves why we are not quite satisfied and why all this realism seems to have so much of the sordid connected with it. Is life really so futile as modern writers insist upon telling us?

Not all the realists exist in this generation. Six centuries ago Geoffrey Chaucer said, "And trouthe shal delivre, hit is not drede." In spite of the lack of poetic form and poetic material at that time, Chaucer wrote over thirty-two thousand lines of poetry, but it is in his "Canterbury Tales," unquestionably acknowledged to be the greatest of his works, that we are best able to recognize the modern note.

Like Chaucer's language and style, so is his theme in the "Canterbury Tales" a new and original one.

In the spring "when zephirus eek with his swete breethe" aroused that age-old feeling of restlessness in the most sober of men, a goodly company of pilgrims gathered at Tabard Inn in Southwark to journey to the shrine of Saint Thomas á Becket at Canterbury. All classes of society are represented in the assemblage: the nobility by the knight, the squire and the yeoman; the church by the abbot, friar, priests, parson and nun; the professions by the doctor, sergeant of law and clerk of Oxford; the artisans by the haberdasher, carpenter, cook, ploughman, sailor and others. A detailed, vivid and often humorous description of each is given. We can actually see before us a kaleidoscopic picture of the times—the costumes, manners, customs and opinions of the English people of five centuries ago.

Realism depends upon truth; and Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" give us a more authentic, complete, and animatedly graphic representation of life of the fourteenth century than we have of any other one century in the history of mankind.

It is with details that the human mind can most easily paint for itself true portraits; and Chaucer is what many of our modern writers strive so hard to be, a master of detail. Can we fail to see perfectly the "holwe and thredbar philosophre" who prefers "bokes and lerninge" to "robes riche or worldly offyce," as he sits soberly upon his horse which is "as lene as a rake"; the nun, so fastidious that "at mete wel y-taught was she with-alles, she leet no morsel from his lippes falle"; the hospitable Frankeleyn whose table "dormant in his halle alway, stood redy covered al the longe day" with "fish and flesh and alle deynties that men coude thinke"? Would not a carefree sailor of strange seas to-day scoff at "termes queinte of law, physics, Latin and phylosophye" and tell a tale to "waken al the companye"; and what clever baker nowadays, like Chaucer's cook "hath not sold many a kakke of Dover that hath been twyes hoot and twyes cold"?

All these details may seem very trivial to mention; but apparently trifling and everyday actions and feelings of men are what give us a true picture of them. They are the finest lines from the artist's brush which make the whole painting stand out as a reality.

Chaucer, however, has given us more than details of external appearance; he has told us of the very emotions of the people of his time. The nineteenth century ushered in our very first romantic poets—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats who are also called the "nature poets." Their favorite themes are of love and nature. We are mistaken, however, in considering them original themes of these poets, for Chaucer was writing of the same immor-

tal subjects in the fourteenth century. Hear the lay of the desperate lover, Troilus:

"How shal I do? When shal she com ageyn?
I noot, allas! why leet ich hir to go?
As wolde god, ich hadde as tho be sleyn;
O herte myn, Creseyde, O sweete fo!
O lady myn, that I love and no mo!
To whom for ever mo myn herte I dowe;
See how I deye, ye nil me not rescowe!"

How little even the expression of love changes in five hundred years!

In nature no two men get exactly the same kind of enjoyment. Keats saw the delicate beauty, Shelley the liberty-loving spirit, Byron the wild freedom, Coleridge the supernatural and Wordsworth God and immortality. Chaucer's descriptions of nature are alive. We can feel his keen appreciation of the natural, the beautiful and the living.

"The briddes—so glad that they shewe in singing,
That in his herte is swich lyking,
That they mote singen and be light."

"The tendre croppes and the yonge sonne
Hath in the ram his halfe cours y-ronne
And smale fowles maken melodye."

"An the erthe wexeth proud with alle,
For swote dewes that on it falle
And maketh so queynt his robe and fayr
That it hath hewes an hundred payr."

Is there any poet who can surpass the harmonious melody of Chaucer's lines with their delight and rhythm and vitality?

It is very true that Chaucer is a realist—a modernist of his day—but this does not detract from his grace nor charm. He is unique indeed in not having to depend upon his imagination to people and color his poems; his descriptions are from life which he observed so closely and understood so well.

The secret of the enjoyment we feel over Chaucer's narratives is in his ability to aptly insert in his well-told stories a bit of philosophy: "Ful wys is he that can himselven knowe"; or some charm-

ing humor. Of the "Good wyf of Bathe" he says: "But she was seldom deef, and that was scathe," and of the stout miller:

"He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
There was no dore that he nolde heve of barre,
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed;
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed."

Geoffrey Chaucer has given to the world an understanding and comprehensive knowledge of English life and Englishmen nearly six hundred years ago; but more than this, he has created immortal characters who are of all countries, all classes and all times. This is his crowning achievement; this is Realism.

ANNE GUDE, '26.

To Milady

O, wondrous triumph of God's hand,
Thou fairest maid through all the land,
I pledge my heart, a contraband
Of love's one-sided war.
To write a sonnet to your grace
Or try to gaze upon your face,
Are deeds not dared from my low place
Prostrate before your door.

As if an artist raised his brush
And swept it o'er a twilight hush
To deepen shades from gold to rust
Thus he created you.
Your hands, like doves whose mates have gone,
Are on your breast in listless calm;
You glide with dignity, a swan
Upon her realm of blue.

A poem itself sleeps in your hair,
All burnished gold and brilliant there;
A priceless mine or sunbeam's lair
Ripples around your head.
And buried in twin orbs of light
Lie all the secrets of the night,
Concealing dreams of rare delight
That tease to be revealed.

Doris Sprague, '26.

“A City of Needles”

AT present New York is undoubtedly the city of skyscrapers, but Tucca, an old Tuscan city, proudly boasts that she is responsible for Manhattan Island; not the New York of bustling crowds, packed theaters and overcrowded subways, but the New York that amazes foreign countries with its “skyscaling audacity.” Tucca was the first city of skyscrapers, then called skyscratchers. In its Civic Library is shown a painting of the city surrounded by a grey stone wall behind which rise numberless towers that pierce the sky. Although different in construction and in material, they are nevertheless similar to the present day Woolworth, Singer and Metropolitan towers in their effect upon the skyline of the medieval city. Another bit of evidence is a book written by Uberti, a sixteenth century author, in which he says that Tucca “towered in the guise of a forest.”

But New York's skyline has not always pierced the heavens. When Hendrick Hudson first entered what is now called New York Bay, Manhattan Island was dotted with Indian villages. The inhabitants dwelt in wigwams framed of poles coming together at the top and forming a circle at the ground. These frames were covered with bark or the skins of animals. Yet the Indians preferred the gloom and density of the forest where silence and solitude best suited the heart. Above the thickly treed forest rose the bare grey rocks of the Palisades on the summits of which were the Indians' favorite burial grounds.

The story of how Peter Minuit, a Dutch trader, bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for the low price of twenty-five dollars in trinkets is well known. Minuit and his employers purchased this piece of land in the hope of gaining great wealth through fur trading with the Indians. Emigrants from Holland soon established settlements in this new land with the same thought in mind. The first Dutch towns clustered around New York Bay. The community was surrounded by an earthen fort enclosing a wind mill and high staff, a prison, a governor's house, and a double-roofed church, above which loomed a square tower, its gallows and whipping post at the river side. Long rows of red-tiled roofs appeared after a pattern of houses in Holland built usually of multicolored brick. The step gables made a jagged line against the blue sky of New Amsterdam.

The life of the Dutch settlement was short, for New York soon fell into the hands of the British. Then rose the simple, dignified dwellings of the colonial period; their graceful columns and pilasters rendering “a delicacy of detail” which has never been surpassed. The gabled roofs, overhanging eaves, beautiful columns and quaint dormer windows all tended to make the general atmosphere surrounding these fine residences both stately and hospitable.

The colonial period was followed by the age of the brownstone mansions. Although these may not have been as attractive, they nevertheless had about them an air of dignity and prosperity. They were usually three or four floors high and set back from the street line about ten feet. But now the age of the brownstone house is rapidly coming to a close. These stately mansions, once fashionable, must give way to shiny massive structures which loom high above them. Where but two or three families once dwelt, a hundred have come to live "as the panorama of New York moves on." About a generation ago every Sunday morning at ten o'clock the inhabitants of these dignified dwellings were seen leaving for church; of the churches and cathedrals tall enough to sharpen the skyline of any ordinary city, not one now remains a dominating skymark. Church spires which once awed the town have had to surrender their former undisputed prominence in the skyline to "cathedrals of commerce."

The present time is a particularly good one for seeing New York, as skyscrapers are increasing so rapidly that even a New Yorker after having made a stay abroad, finds upon his return an unfamiliar skyline. To-day we can study each tower individually and place it in its own period of architecture, but the time is near at hand when tall buildings will be too near together for individual effect and study. The scale is terrifying as this "city of dreadful height builds on." Most of the modern skyscrapers of Manhattan cannot be classified in any particular school of architecture. They have the lift of the Gothic and the sturdiness of the Romanesque; this new combination has been called "Modern Gotham." However, the influence of Bologna is evident particularly in the intersecting arches and projecting bricks, the latter varying in color from a lemon white to a deep red.

Many of the foundations of these gigantic pinnacles go down a hundred feet into the ground and their lofty walls of stone stretch up to a height never before dreamt of by man. They are made possible by the great strength and compactness of steel and concrete structural work. Another factor is the modern passenger elevator; the success of this has made the higher floors more desirable than the lower; light, air and view add a general cheerfulness to the offices. The erection of such massive structures has been a great problem to engineers in regard to the foundations. Manhattan is an island of rigid rock which lies either at or not far beneath the surface. On the southern end of the island, a few feet below street level, there is a permanent water line; because of this fact pumping is dangerous for the surrounding buildings. But the overcoming of these obstacles has led New York to produce an architecture unique in its characteristics and at the same time adequate for the demands of an overcrowded city.

The famous Woolworth Building, occupying forty acres of floor

space rises 750 feet above the sidewalk. Its elevator shafts have a combined length of two miles, yet a fast lift takes only a minute to reach the top of its sixty odd stories. When viewed from the sidewalk the architectural decorations have the appearance of delicate embroidery in stone, which when seen closely do not become coarse or crude. One authority calls the Woolworth Building "civilization's greatest cathedral of commerce" and another "the world's foremost temple of trade."

The Mills Building, the first skyscraper of New York and nine days' wonder of the eighties, has recently been demolished. When this building first thrust its ten stories daringly into the air it towered over the skyline of the city. In its place a gigantic structure of thirty-four stories was erected. This building, the Equitable Trust Company, the largest office structure ever built, has capacity to house 5,000 tenants, while the one-time marvelled-at Mills Building accommodated only 800. This "house of a thousand windows" soars 500 feet into the air; it rests on a coffer-dam foundation. Walls of solid concrete eight feet thick extend to bed rock forty feet below the surface. The interior has been dug out enough to make room for five basements, which contain valuable storage space.

One of the very newest buildings of New York which has been widely "condemned, applauded, talked about and discussed" on account of its startling color scheme, is the American Radiator. Its receding pinnacles and piers stand out in glittering gold, like a pagan temple guarding the busy traffic below. This rather gloomy edifice of black terra-cotta and lavish black trimmings seems to express a commercial atmosphere, but its aggressiveness and individuality make it a genuine "show-off."

The inflamed towers of Manhattan produce a fantastic effect on this skyline at night. Such buildings as the new Chickering, the Heckscher, the Metropolitan Tower, the Woolworth and the huge mass of the Standard Oil cluster together and unite to form a "huge city of illuminated castles in the air." With the blazing dome of the Singer as a satellite, the Woolworth soars majestically toward the heavens, its golden pinnacles bathed in a brilliant glow coming from its crown of light on top. Near the Battery rises the Standard Oil. Crowning its "massive planes and twisted surfaces" is a pyramid illuminated by four huge flares that can be seen for miles out at sea. On Madison Square stands the Metropolitan Tower, with its red and yellow light and illuminated clock, which may be read by sailors on East River craft as well as by watchers on the Palisades. One of the most beautiful silhouettes in the district of Times Square is that formed by the "gracefully pitched roofs" of the Bush Terminal. "The glowing beauty of its summit is like an illuminated spear head, with a long tapering shaft thrust downward into the

street below. Or again, it stands there on a misty night, with the lower lines lost in shadow, the symmetrical outline shining softly like some golden ark suspended in midair. It has a dreamy quality possessed by no other building in New York."

Without a doubt one of the most striking sights seen by an incoming voyager is the illuminated skyline of this fairyland at night, flashing with light and blooming with color.

During the past few years skyscrapers have increased so rapidly that the problem of light has become more than ever a difficult task for architects to solve. Such an important matter can hardly be disregarded, for light is a fundamental factor in the business offices. To settle this vital question a somewhat but not altogether new opportunity has been offered; that is the building with all four walls of glass. Before these buildings can be made a thing of beauty, a means of fusing glass walls to steel construction must be discovered, and the eye must accustom itself to beholding the steel skeleton which formerly has been hidden by the use of brick or terra-cotta. In the glass building there will be no means of concealing the steel structural work which will become a part of the exterior design. There are many other important problems which must be contended with before the glass skyscrapers can possibly be a success; some of these are: "the proportion of steel frame to glass, the shape of the glass units, the design of the mullions, the use of different types of fire-proofing over steel, the method of opening and closing the windows, the character of the glass itself and the combination of glass walls with terraces."

Although many ancient cities have been beautiful in their architectural designs, none has ever been so unique as this modern city with its towering structures looming high into the heavens.

"I crossed the ferry at early evening,
The winter night fell black and cold;
I saw my city looming before me
Fantastic, lovely, pierced with gold.

"Towers stretched to the height of heaven,
With lights in chains of yellow and blue;
Oh, did men love forgotten cities,
Nineveh, Carthage, as we love you?"

ESTHER SHERMAN, '26.

A Decade of Shelley

(Extract from senior essay on "A Decade of England's Poetry")

THE career of Percy Bysshe Shelley during the decade from 1810 to 1820 is, in comparison with that of Byron, as the will-o'-the-wisp to a meteor. Byron was of the earth earthy; he fed upon coarse food, shady adventures, scandal, the limelight; but Shelley

"Seemed nourished upon starbeams and the stuff
Of rainbows and the tempest and the foam."

At the early age of nineteen he startled the world with his "Queen Mab," his first work of importance, poetically speaking (1813). Its idea came into literature as a comparatively new one—"the idea of the destined perfection of mankind in a future golden age." Though a juvenile attempt, permeated by a certain vagueness of meaning, and radical in character, the very poverty of the poem prophesied greatness.

Free from all the social, political and religious reform of "Queen Mab," is "Alastor"; the Spirit of solitude (1815). Three years have now brought physical suffering and the sad reality of life to the young poet. In "Alastor" he paints his saddened outlook in the form of a poet who wanders in the solitude of nature, always searching for his ideal of beauty—a dream maiden who never appears. The poem embodies, as well as the history of his own isolation in the world, the sufferings of such as he, "a being of warmest sympathies, of loftiest aspirations, driven to solitude and despair by the ingratitude of his kind, who are incapable of understanding and sympathizing with his aims." As to its form, Shelley makes marked progress in grace, strength and loftiness of expression. Notice this fragment:

"The dim and horned moon hung low."

What a suggestive atmosphere this creates in the mind's eye, and what a pleasing sound to the ear!

A return to the interests of mankind (rather than the strictly personal element of "Alastor") is staged in "The Revolt of Islam" (1817). Its hero and heroine, Laon and Cythna, lose their lives in the struggle against tyranny, but their sacrifice tends to "bring forth the fruit of freedom." In the poem's twelve cantos, certain passages are finer than "Alastor's," but as a whole the poem cannot compare. Somewhat of a detraction is its formlessness, a characteristic of others of Shelley's creations.

"Rosalind and Helen" (1817) and "Julian and Maddalo" (1819) are scarcely important enough to stop long on. The latter resulted from the companionship of Byron and Shelley who met in Venice.

Shelley has given himself here the name of Julian, while Maddalo impersonates Byron. There is in it an occasional bit of colorful description such as :

"The broad star of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill,
And the black bell became invisible,
And the red town looked gray, and all between,
The churches, ships, and palaces were seen
Huddled in gloom; into the purple sea
The orange hues of heaven sunk silently."

Aside from these few passages one might select from the whole, the poem makes no great impression upon the reader.

However, the pendulum swings far the other way with regard to his next production, "Prometheus Unbound" (1818-'19). Its lyrical power and its splendor has no parallel in any language. Resorting to the old Greek myth of the Titan who is punished for his rebellion against the gods by being chained to a cliff, Shelley dressed it in philosophy and beautified it with delicate fancies, rich imagination, and exultant emotions. The poem depicts man (Prometheus) tortured by law or custom (Jove), until he is freed by the spirit of progress (Demogorgon); he at once marries love and goodness in the form of Asia, and "stars and moon break out into a happy song of redemption." Shelley's theme in "Prometheus Unbound" is largely fantastical, yet the poem as a whole is "the finest example we have of the working out in poetry of the idea of a rejuvenated universe." As to its composition, certain of its passages contain that delicate quality which one might compare to lace: airy, vaporous, perishable. In the lines of this poem Shelley "comes nearer to the sublime than any poet since Milton," here is a detached stanza, not at all the most beautiful lines, but truly Shelley-like in their lyrical quality, their figurative language, and their appeal to the senses :

"Desolation is a delicate thing:

It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,
But treads with killing footsteps, and fans with silent wing
The tender hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest bear."

"The Cenci" followed, a drama as restrained in expression as "Prometheus Unbound" is exuberant. Brooke claims that there is no poem of Shelley's in which passion and thought and imagery are so wrought together, and even goes so far as to judge it "the gravest, noblest tragedy since Webster wrote." Every character has a voice in whose tones echoes truth, and when it comes to the heroine, Beatrice, he portrays her feelings with such "passionate heart-rending eloquence" and such reality, that one could never question the fact that Shelley possessed deep human knowledge and understanding.

In this last year, 1819, appeared two other works, "Peter Bell

the Third" and "Oedipus Tyrannus." These are however of little importance.

Shelley's shorter poems are, as a rule, better known and undoubtedly more often read than most of these longer ones which possess a certain vagueness and obscurity of meaning. Of the shorter lyrics many are purely personal, many prophesy a hope for man in the future, others paint nature; some deal with tyranny and liberty, others are dedicated to love, and still others are "written on visions of those 'shapes that haunt thoughts' wildernesses.'" Here is a lovely thought from "Mutability" applying human existence to Nature:

"We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon!
Now restlessly they speed and gleam and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! Yet soon
Night closes round and they are lost forever."

In "Ozymandios" there is an impressive dignity and reality that appeals to many. "Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills" has its charms too.

But of *all* the short poems, or surely of all those composed within the decade, the worthiest is the "Ode to the West Wind." Here, as elsewhere, Shelley voices that prophetic hope for man, calm after the storm, spring after winter. Aside from its philosophical value, the poem bewitches the appreciative reader with its colorful aspects of nature, and he almost feels the breath of that autumn wind which turns the leaves

"Yellow and black and pale and hectic red
Pestilence-stricken multitudes."

To become acquainted with such works as those which have been mentioned is to acknowledge that Shelley "stands among the singers of the ages. He owned no master—left no disciple. The music he swept from the wild harp of time came with a new sound on the world's ear, and no instrument ever caught the melody again."

JANE HAWKES, P. G., '26.

Night in Russia

Silence—
The cold steel light
Of a silver moon
Ghostly shines
On the frozen world.
Silhouetted against
A great bare rock
And gray bleak sky,
A giant tree
With knotted arms
And bended trunk.
A loud shrill blast
Of the wild north wind,
Then—
Silence.

MARIANA CONKLIN, '29.

* * *

Meditations

I sat beneath a cherry tree in Spring,
All nature seemed to laugh with joy and sing,
For God was there.
The flowers softly breathed a prayer
Of thankfulness that they might live
And pleasure give.

And so in life if man will trust and love,
He has a special blessing from above,
A soothing thought
Of peace in mind and soul, so often sought
But seldom found, for man is not content to plod
And trust in God.

MARIANA CONKLIN, '29.



ELEANOR HINMAN BROWN

General Course

"The happy only are the truly great."
—Young.

Entered from Ridge School, '22.

Member "Comus" Crew, '22.

Member of Student Council, '23-'24.

Companion of Duke "As You Like It,"
'24.

Executive Committee of Fair, '25.

Property Manager "The Rivals," '25.

Class Reporter, '24-'25.

Treasurer, Athletic Association, '25-
'26.Associate Editor of THE ASTER, '25-
'26.Sir Oliver Surface "The School for
Scandal," '26.

Class Day: Farewell address.

Skidmore College, September, 1926.

ISABEL NARCISSA CLEAVES

College Preparatory Course

*"The readiness of doing doth express
No other but the doer's willingness."*
—Herrick.

Entered from South Side High, '26.

Careless "The School for Scandal,"
'26.

Class Prophecy.

Connecticut College, September, 1926.



BERENICE GRACE GAUSS

General Course

*"Careless she is with artful care
Affecting to seem unaffected."*
—Congreve.

Entered from South Side High, '25.
"Maria" in "The School for Scandal,"
'26.
Art Students' League, 1926.



DOROTHY MAY GOERKE

General Course

*"The greatest pleasure of the greatest
number."*—Lord Lytton.

Entered Madison School, '22.
Member "Comus" Crew, '22.
Class President, '22-'23; '25-'26.
A Lord in "As You Like It," '24.
Secretary Student Council, '24-'25.
Business Manager THE ASTER, '25-'26.
"Rowley" in "School for Scandal,"
'26.
Chairman of Gift Committee.
Pine Manor, September, 1926.



ANNE JOSEPHINE GUDE

College Preparatory Course

"Her pleasure in her power to charm."
—C. Patmore.

Entered from South Side High, '25.
"Charles" in "School for Scandal,"
'26.

Chairman Athletics, '26.
Captain Basketball, '26.
Holyoke, September, 1926.

CARMEN GLORIA INGERSOLL

College Preparatory Course

*"Swift-footed to uphold the right
And to uproot the wrong."*
—Christina Rossetti.

Entered from Weston School, Mont-
real, '23.

"Amiens" in "As You Like It," '24.

Executive Committee of Fair, '24.

Sir Anthony Absolute, "The Rivals,"
'25.

Chairman Student Council, '25-'26.

President Athletic Association, '25-'26.

Treasurer THE ASTER, '25-'26.

"Sir Peter Teazle" in "The School for
Scandal," '26.

Executive Committee Caney Creek
Bridge, '26.

Class Will.

New Jersey College for Women, Sep-
tember, 1926.



CONSTANCE FLOWKS KELLAR

General Course

"Oh gie me the lass that has acres o' charms."
—Burns.

Entered from Madison School, '19.
Class Reporter, '21-'22.
Student Council, '21-'22; '22-'23.
Orchestra, '23-'24.
Member of Glee Club, '22-'23.
Asterisk Editor, '24-'25.
Exchange Editor, '25-'26.
"Lady Teazle" in "School for Scandal," '26.
Class History.
Madame Rey's School, Paris, September, 1926.



KATHERINE ELIZABETH KREMENTZ

General Course

"Like the harmony of the spheres that is to be admired and never heard."
—Dryden.

Entered from South Side High School, '24.
School editor, '25-'26.
"Mrs. Candour" in "The School for Scandal," '26.
Skidmore, September, 1926.



EDNA MARY LINDSAY

General Course

*"And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place."*
—Gay.

Entered from "The Gateway," New Haven, '25.

Lady Sneerwell "School for Scandal," '26.

Class Will.

School in England, September, 1926.

VIRGINIA CLAIRE RUCKELSHAUS

General Course

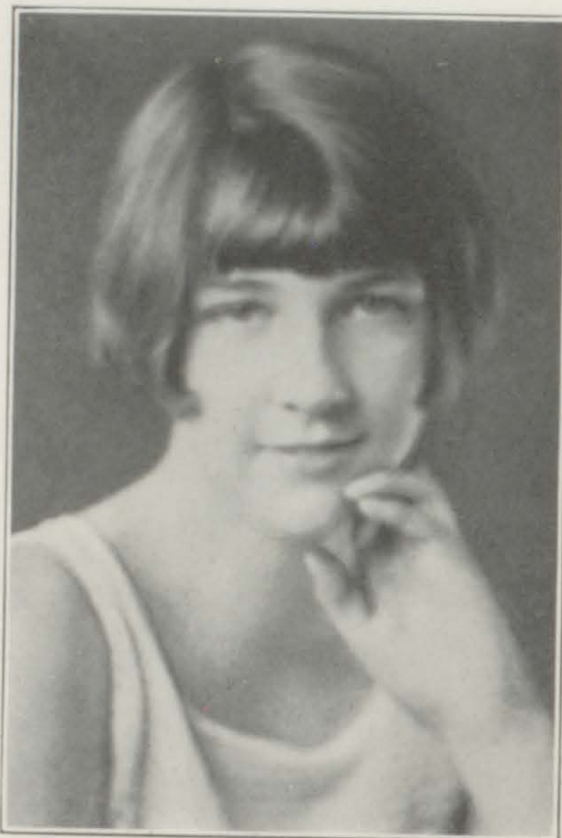
*"And all agog
To dash through thick and thin."*
—Cowper.

Entered from Barringer High, '23.
"Sir Joseph Crabtree" in "School for Scandal," '26.

"Hymen" in "As You Like It," '24.
Assistant Business Manager, '25-'26.

Dedication of Senior Seat.

School of Physical Education, September, 1926.



DOROTHY IRENE SCHNEIDER

College Preparatory Course

*"A generous ardour boils within my
breast,*

Eager of action, enemy to rest."

—Virgil.

Entered from South Side High, '25.

Mr. Joseph Surface, "School for Scandal," '26.

Class Poem.

Wellesley, September, 1926.



ESTHER JANE SHERMAN

General Course

*"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and
white*

*Nature's own sweet and cunning hand
laid on."*

—Shakespeare.

Entered from Miss Pound's School,
'17.

Animal in "Comus," '22.

"Dennis" in "As You Like It," '24.

Class President, '22-'23; '23-'24.

Cheer Leader, '24-'25.

The Boy in "The Rivals," '25.

Sir Benjamin Backbite in "School for
Scandal," '26.

Alumnae Editor, '25-'26.

Chairman Executive Committee Fair,
'25.

Gift Committee.

Class History.

Pine Manor, September, 1926.





DORIS NEWMAN SPRAGUE

General Course

*"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her
motion
Blushed at herself."* —Shakespeare.

Entered from Ridge School, '22.
Animal in "Comus," '22.
Class Reporter, '23-'24.
Charles in "As You Like It," 24.
Class Editor, '24-'25.
Student Council, '25-'26.
"Sir Harry Bumper" in "School for
Scandal," '26.
Editor-in-Chief of THE ASTER, '25-'26.
Class Prophecy.
Choate School, September, 1926.

NANCY GERTRUDE STEVENSON

General Course

*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom
stale
Her infinite variety."*
—Shakespeare.

Entered from Madison School, '21.
Animal in "Comus," '22.
"Snake" in "The School for Scandal,"
'26.
Asterisk Editor, '25-'26.
Martha Washington Seminary, Sep-
tember, 1926.



The Senior History of '26

The history of 'twenty-six--
That most eventful year
In very doubtful poetry
As Seniors we state here:

Soon after we had studied all
Of Burke's well-known oration,
Miss Smith gave us a party, as
A form of recreation.

A most delightful party, where
As lords and ladies, we
Were dressed for the occasion, just
As Burke, himself, might be.

And then in bleak December, just
To celebrate the fact—
Our knowledge of Will Shakespeare's
Famous "Hamlet" nothing lacked,

The Hampden-Barrymore production
We went forth to see
(The first Shakespeare we've
Fully understood, quite candidly.)

Soon after Christmas holidays
We all enjoyed, I'm sure,
A benefit performance of
"Lucia di Lammermoor."

And then one sunny morning, when
Our school was very chill,
(Because a furnace pipe had burst)
We Seniors, feeling sil,

Betook us on a picnic in
The autos numb'ring three,
And filled our holiday with joy
And "youthful jollity."

The school-dance followed with its fun,
And bridges in a row—
And then to Carmen's theatre party
We said that we must go.

THE ASTER

You see, 'twas "The Two Orphans" with
Its gestures fine that we
Heard we could well use in *our* play;
We *should* watch carefully!

Instead—we drowned our dignity
In many a woeful tear—
Enjoyably forgetting "gestures
Excellent," I fear!

Howe'er, our *natural* (?) talent
Will enable us to play—
We hope—our "School for Scandal"
On—we hope—a sunny day.

L' ENVOI.

And thus we've done our best to give
The Senior history
Complete to you—although we know
'Tis awful poetry!

DOROTHY SCHNEIDER, '26.



A Spring Garden

The velvet grass is emerald green,
A carpet for a fairy queen;
And in a garden far away
Live memories of a by-gone day.
The spring is here, and all around
Bright tiny flowers peer from the ground,
A mass of color seldom found
Or seen by men.

For in this spot live souls of flowers
That bloomed on earth in other hours;
They make their heaven a place so fair
That only children may play there.
So when you see a blossom fade
And in its leafy grave be laid,
You know that it was only made
To live again.

MARIANA CONKLIN, '29.

* * *

The Sea

There is no sight more grand to me
Than a rock bound coast and a billowing sea,
Where the jagged rocks stand stalwart and bold
'Gainst the foaming waves of the ocean cold.

When the sun shines bright and the Zephyrs blow,
The waves dash high and then fall low,
But the spray drops fine, as they spring toward the sky,
Glisten and scintillate as they fly.

On a stormy day it is not the same;
The angry waves wash on like a flame
And beat with a roar and a crash and a whack,
As if protesting at being held back.

* * *

Oh, a glorious sight it is to me,
The calm or stormy changeable sea.

JANET WHITEHEAD, '29.



The annual dance given each year by Mrs. Lamont and the Senior II Class took place on the evening of April 6th. Several hundred young people were present and from all appearances everyone had a wonderful time. The girls spent a large part of the day arranging the flowers and palms which furnished the decorations and made the rooms most attractive. Punch was served all evening until one o'clock when the party broke up.

* * *

We experienced a great treat this spring in the return of Mabel Simpson for a short visit to the school. Miss Simpson has lately had published her first volume of lyric poems, with which she entertained us by reading a few, seeming scarcely enough when she had finished. Our favorites were "A Song," "Vision," and "To a Poet, now in his Third Month of Death." It is very gratifying to us to have Miss Simpson a graduate of this school, but if she were not, it would in no way detract from the pleasure we had from her poems.

* * *

Some talented members of the upper school arranged a musical on Friday, April 23rd. The first number was "Autumn" by Char-meade, a piano solo played by Marjorie Cain, which was followed by "The Waters of Minnetonka" sung by Doris Sprague and Dorothy Schneider. Frances Hare sang Cadman's "At Dawning." A novelty number was next given by Dorothy Schneider and Janet Whitehead, who sang "Who" with a ukulele accompaniment. "Slumber Boat" was then sung by Carmen Ingersoll who was followed by Dorothy Goerke singing, "Reaching for the Moon." Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land" was played by Dorothy Schneider, and Doris Sprague ended the enjoyable recital by singing "Morning."

* * *

The assembly room on the morning of Wednesday, April 28, had a novel appearance, for in front of the many windows a large white moving picture screen was hung; in the hall two men were fussing with a camera. The crowded assembly (for the fifth and

sixth grades were with us) brought to mind the Friday mornings in the old school. Mrs. Charles H. Farnsworth of the Hanoum Camps of Thetford, Vermont, after telling us some very interesting facts about camp, both in this country and Europe, had the lights switched off and Miss Isabel Totten, a counselor, told us about the stereopticon views which were flashed on the screen. The pictures brought to mind the good times one has at camp.

* * *

On May fifth we gave a bridge party for the benefit of the Caney Creek Community House, which burned down recently. The speed and efficiency with which the girls cleared the rooms and put up card tables made it possible for the playing to start at two-thirty promptly. About forty-three tables were taken and with the contributions from the lower school about three hundred and forty-five dollars was made. Playing cards were given as prizes.

* * *

Monday, May the fifteenth, was perhaps the most satisfactory day of the whole school term, and certainly a day for which we all had long striven, mightily and earnestly—the Exhibition. From three until nine the school welcomed all who entered its ever-enduring doors, and we showed proud parents and interested friends the material results of the term's work. The hall was decorated with original songs, and clever book covers, from the lower school. The history room had a profusion of neat hand-drawn or hand-colored maps, an edition of the first newspaper published in the United States, which attracted considerable attention, and mounted pictures of all our Presidents. The English room was exceedingly popular, being an eighteenth century display. There were many relics of that period, books, snuff-boxes, and even an old lock, extracts from the notebooks of the different classes, and the crowning achievement of the year, the Senior essays. On the second floor Latin, science and the lower school exhibit predominated. Every available space in the Latin room was covered with posters, large and small, decorated and plain, pictured or not, depicting scenes and sayings of the ancient Romans. The science room was devoted to posters and graphs showing us how to be healthy, and interesting specimens of plant life. Punch and cakes made at the school were served at an opportune time, and everyone congratulated the faculty on the splendid work accomplished.

* * *

On Wednesday, May 19th, at two-thirty, the assembly room was crowded with parents of the children of the lower school. During the term each girl had composed a short song, and those considered best by Miss Young were sung on this occasion. The songs were: "Winter," by Mary Higbie; "May," by Myrna Keen; "Dawn," by Emily Carrington; "The Birds," by Virginia Rush; "Springtime,"

by Virginia Beers; "Spring," by Evelyn Power, and "Springtime," by Irene Trippe. The judges were: Miss Hardham, Miss Woolson, and Mlle. Willetts. After hearing the songs they left the room and conferred. Not being able to make a decision they requested that "Winter" and "The Birds" be sung again. This done, they voted unanimously for "The Birds." Virginia Rush was presented with a gold pin in the shape of a heart. "Winter" and "Dawn" received honorable mention.

* * *

The afternoon of May 21st, was indeed an interesting one as prepared by Mlle. Curry and Mlle. Willetts for the parents and friends of their French pupils. The assembly room was crowded to the doors and from the hearty applause of the audience, there is no question but that the students did well. Of course, the French language was spoken throughout the entire program. First, there was a song by the fifth, sixth, and Junior I classes. Then a sketch by the first grade entitled "Can You Speak French?" The second grade gave a recitation and a song was sung while playing a game with a string and a ring. This was followed by a Lullaby sung by a group of little girls, each with a doll in her arms. The third grade sang "The Shepherd" and "The Donkey," the latter a humorous sketch and well done. Then the fourth grade gave "What Causes My Troubles," a song, "The Spoiled Child," and the well known "On the Bridge of Avignon." "There Came Unto My Window, One Morning in May, A Pretty Bird," was sung by the fifth grade, also a nursery rhyme entitled "The Duke of Marlborough Going to War." The sixth grade gave a playlet during which a song was sung. The play was entitled "Les Enfants des Mme. Chênédollé." The pronunciation and articulation of this group was particularly commendable. The Junior I's gave the "Game of Twenty Questions" and sang "The Palms" most admirably.

The costume play "The Minuet of the Empress," given by the Junior III's was a most artistic performance as was the old story "Cinderella" made into a French playlet by Anne Gude, Jane Hawkes and Carmen Ingersoll and presented by the members of the Junior II class.

The first was rather an unusual presentation, combining features of an operetta with the play. The duet between Julie Ill and Francis Conklin was charmingly given. The interest in the play was held by the clever acting of Mariana Conklin and Lila Southard, while Nancy Child and Marjorie Farrow were natural and spirited. So fluent and expressive was the French that the audience was hardly conscious of listening to a foreign language. The second play with its change of scenes and costumes and its promising actors made a delightful ending to the French Exhibit.

The exhibit of lower school work was quite as interesting as that of the upper school. The First Grade's original dictionaries proved both instructive and entertaining, while the colorful posters of child life in different countries showed the Second Grade well versed in geography. In the Third and Fourth Grade room a miniature Dutch village was very original. On the walls of the Fifth and Sixth Grade were exhibited posters showing everything a Newark girl might see, wear, eat, or do.

The art exhibit on the third floor was perhaps the best of all. The walls of the hall were hung with colorful wall hangings, bedspreads, shawls and scarfs which the class in batik made. The art room itself was decorated with many brightly colored posters, from the gaily tinted advertisements to the somber gray of the charcoal sketches, relieved here and there by the pleasing shades of Medieval costume designs. On the table we discovered original pottery models of jars, plates, heads, and candlesticks, as well as casts of family crests.

This exhibit, showing the completed work of the students from the lower through the upper classes, is the result of concentrated study.

* * *

The Senior III class is very busy rehearsing almost every day for "The School for Scandal," especially as June 8 is so rapidly approaching. Everyone is hoping for fine weather since the play is to be given as usual on the lawn. The amateur actors all bid fair to rival not only their predecessors in the school, but also the professionals on the stage! The complete cast is as follows:

Lady Teazle	Constance Keller
Maria	Berenice Gauss
Lady Sneerwell	Edna Lindsay
Mrs. Condour	Catherine Krementz
Sir Peter Teazle	Carmen Ingersoll
Charles Surface.....	Anne Gude
Joseph Surface.....	Dorothy Schneider
Sir Oliver Surface.....	Eleanor Brown
Sir Benjamin Backbite.....	Esther Sherman
Crabtree	Virginia Ruckleshaus
Snake	Gertrude Stevenson
Sir Harry Bumper	Doris Sprague
Rowley	Dorothy Goerke
Careless	Isabel Cleaves
Lady Sneerwell's Servants.....	Charlotte Ulrich, Eleanor Carrington
Trip	Frances Hare
William	Ione Muldoon
Lady Teazle's Servant.....	Margaret Price

School Song

Prospect Hill success attend thee

All through the years,
Love and loyalty uplift thee
All through the years.

May our faith in thee change never

Faith that guides and lights us ever
Strengthening bonds which time can't sever
All through the years.

Thou hast harbored us, thy daughters

All through the years,
Cherished, shielded and inspired
All through the years.

As we turn our footsteps, leaving,

We'd return always believing
You our destinies were weaving
All through the years.

JANE HAWKES, P. G., '26.

* * *

Class Elections for 1926-27*President*

Virginia Lenz, Sr. III
Eleanore E. C. Schneider, Sr. II
Carolyn Doremus, Sr. I
Janice Sprague, Jr. III
Sara Heller, Jr. II

Student Council

Emily V. McGregor
Helen Hapgood
Lila F. Southard
Muriel Thober
Kathryn A. H. Taylor



ALUMNAE NOTES



At our benefit card party were several graduates on whom we always depend to stand by us in affairs of this kind. Those present were: Margaret Agens, '23; Elizabeth Arbuckle, '24; Margaret Crane, '22; Pauline Goerke, '23; Mrs. Paul Nugent (Ottile Goerke); Gertrude Hart, '21; Mrs. Wallace Lee (Wren Heller, '23); Earl Lamont, ex. '23; Virginia Nock, '22; Isabel Schenck, '23.

On April 24, Agnes Bonnell, of the class of twenty-one, was married to Dana Martin of Evanston, Ill., at the home of her parents. Among her attendants were three of her former classmates: Virginia Nock, Margaret Crane, and Gertrude Hart. Mr. and Mrs. Martin are residing at Evanston.

The engagement of Frances Crowell, '21, to George Cullis Lyon of Albany, has been announced.

We are all proud to claim Maria Leiper, '24, for one of our graduates and wish to congratulate her for the splendid record she made at the recent track meet at Vassar, where she is a sophomore. Maria was awarded a silver cup for winning the most points at the contest.

Margaret Edge, '20, who graduated from Skidmore in 1924, and taught Physical Education there the next year and also studied Physical Education for two summers at Teachers' College, will return to us in the fall after a year's stay in Europe to have full charge of our Physical Training.

Mrs. A. L. Van Ameringen (Hedwig Pfaltz, '19), who has been abroad for six months, has been spending some time in Paris, where she joined Margaret Edge.

Mrs. Alfred Meurlin (Ottile Merz), announced the arrival of a daughter named after her twin sister Viola.

Congratulations to Janet Rogers, '22, and Julia Montrose, '22, who were graduated on June first from Barnard College.

Sports.

The Athletic Association at a regular meeting elected four captains for Field day: Anne Gude, Virginia Ruckelshaus, Betty Smith and Frances Hare; the teams were chosen a few days later. At last the long practiced for day arrived, May 20. The meet was called for 2:30 but long before that time girls had been practicing. At last the whistle blew! The first event was on!

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

- 1st Isolda Berger, 11ft. 9 in.
- 2nd Carolyn Doremus, 10 ft. 11 in.
- 3rd Gladys Heller, 10 ft. 9 in.

STANDING BROAD JUMP

- 1st Helen Hapgood, 6 ft. 7 in.
- 2nd Charlotte Ulrich, 6 ft. 3 in.
- 3rd Betty Lord, 5 ft. 11 in.

BASKETBALL THROW

- 1st Frances Hare, 56 ft.
- 2nd Emily McGregor, 55 ft. 7 in.
- 3rd Kappo Phelan, 52 ft.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

- 1st Emily McGregor, 4 ft. 1 in.
- 2nd Carolyn Doremus, 4 ft.
- 3rd Adra Armitage, 3 ft. 9 in.

HOP, SKIP AND JUMP

- 1st Carolyn Doremus, 27 ft. 1½ in.
- 2nd Betty Johnes, 25 ft. 5½ in.
- 3rd Emily Oldenburg, 25 ft. 5½ in.

The first prize for each of these events was a silver cup. Frances Hare's team had the most points, 18 in all; Anne Gude, 14; Betty Smith 14.

Due to organized athletics, last year's records were broken and everyone exhibited greater skill and agility.

Field Meet

The Upper School were not the only ones who took part in Field Meet. The Lower School had two teams, the Captains being Mary Higbie of the Sixth Grade, and Virginia Rush of the Fifth. First there were some 50-yard dashes which the first, second and third grades ran. Edwin Laffey won first prize, Gordon Fowler second, and Gordon Crabb third. Next the high jumping was run off. Emily Carrington won first prize, Virginia Rush, second, and Josephine Blake and Virginia Beers tied for third place. Then the relay races started. Virginia Rush's team won the first race which was an Indian club relay. Mary Higbie's team succeeded in capturing the chalk race. Then came the third race which was a snake relay, to decide the final victory. Virginia Rush's team carried off the honors. This ended the Lower School Meet.

* * *

Exchanges

As We See Others

The Optimist, South Side High School, Newark, N. J. As usual *The Optimist* is fine. We think that your stories are the best that we receive. The cover design is very clever and appropriate.

The Dwightonia, Dwight School, Englewood, N. J. The Literary Department is complete and interesting. Try and enlarge your Exchange Department. Why not some jokes?

The Polymnian, Newark Academy, Newark, N. J. Your magazine is up to its usual good form. Good jokes in this issue. Thank you for your comment on the ASTER.

The Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass. We liked the story "Till Gives a Party." Your magazine would be much improved by cuts and jokes. Why not try a little of each?

The Criterion, East Side High School, Paterson, N. J. *The Criterion* is one of our best exchanges. We always enjoy receiving this well written book. Thank you for the comment on the ASTER.

The Magpie, St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn. "The Masterpiece" and "Six O'clock," are two extremes in stories. The former a tense tragedy, the latter, a bit of foolishness appreciated by everyone. We like to exchange with you. Why don't you send us more regularly? Add some jokes to *The Magpie*.

Packer Current Items, Packer College Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. We enjoyed the stories, especially in the Spring Issue of *Packer Current Items*. The "Book and Play Revues" were interesting. We envied you your fine amount of poetry.

Bleatings, St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y. The Spring Issue of *Bleatings* is, as usual, as complete as ever. Your literary division

is splendid and the joke department is also a good one. The poem, "Castanets" we liked particularly well and Miss Pepy's Diary. Can't you write more alumnae notes?

The Orient, East Side High School, Newark, N. J. The story named "The Message" was fine, though all of your literary section should be given honorable mention. "Bits of Humor" we thought was complete and most amusing. Can't you enlarge your Exchange Department?

The Skirmisher. The ASTER Board wishes to thank you for the commendable criticism you made of our magazine. We want to mention "Rum-Runners" as an amusing story.

The Torch. Your poetry in the March issue of *The Torch* we found most attractive. We feel, however, that many of your departments could be enlarged very successfully. The jokes are good but your magazine is too small. A few new cuts would be a great improvement.

As Others See Us

The Polyminian says—Your story "Pride" is very well written and holds one's interest all the way through. "A Calamity of Fate" is also very well done. Isn't the subject matter a little peculiar? A larger athletic section would help. We like you very much.

The Skirmisher says—The ASTER we might say has one of the best literary departments of any magazine that we have ever received. Your stories are very well written and are very interesting. The poems are the best with whom we exchange. The sketches for each department are very fitting and well done. Your literary staff certainly deserves our congratulation. Yes, indeed, you have a fine magazine.

The Criterion says—The ASTER seems to be very complete. How fine to think the alumnae take an interest in the magazine.

The Torch, Irvington High School, Newark, N. J. "The ASTER certainly shows the ability of the feminine sex."

The Optimist, South Side High School, Newark, N. J. "The ASTER next presented a dazzling array of stories from which was selected 'A Calamity of Fate' as the best. The ASTER also proved conclusively her ability as a humorist. The following is one of her jokes:

Lizzie—He's so romantic! Whenever he speaks to me he says "Fair Lady."

Bert—Oh! That's force of habit. He used to be a street car conductor.



The Asterisk

(Current Clippings)

Teacher—What are your initials?

Pupil—P. S.

Teacher—But I thought your name was More.

Pupil—It is Adeline More.

Mrs. Cohen (standing in swimming pool with water up to her neck)—Where's the baby?

Mr. Cohen (same)—He's all right. I have him by the hand.

Captain Zounds—Three hundred miles from land and the rudder is broken.

Sweet Young Thing—Oh! that's all right. It's underneath. No one will notice it.

He—Is your father a policeman?

She—No, not exactly, but he's around the policeman a lot.

Doctor—Why, how is this, Jones? You send me a note stating you have been attacked with the mumps and I find you are suffering from rheumatism.

Jones—That's all right, Doctor, dere vasn't a soul by de haus vot could shpell rheumatism.

"Give me the word interborough used in a sentence."

"Every time it rains, my neighbor comes interborough my umbrella."

Small Son—Papa, who was Mike Huntry?

Father—I don't know. Where did you hear of him?

Small Son—Well, we've been singing in school "Mike Huntry, 'tis of thee!"

He—They're going for a touch-down.

She—Horrid! How soon will they be back?

Little Boy (seeing knot holes in a piece of wood)—What are those?

Carpenter—They're knot holes.

Little Boy—You can't fool me, I know they're some kind of holes.

Instructor in Physics—This wheel has thirty revolutions per minute.

Dumb-bell—Thought that only happened in the Balkan states.

"What was the name of the last station we stopped at, mother?"

"I don't know. Be quiet. I'm working out a cross-word puzzle."

"It's a pity you don't know the name, mother, because little Oscar got out of the train there."

He—Did you know Miles Standish was not as good a tailor as a leader?

She—How is that?

He—Well, he asked John Alden to press his suit for him, instead of doing it himself.

Little Boy—Father, are you still growing?

Daddy—Why son?

Little Boy—Well, what makes your head stick out above your hair?

"Great Scott, I've forgotten who wrote 'Ivanhoe.'"

"I'll tell you if you tell me who the dickens wrote, 'A Tale of Two Cities.'"

She—What an unusual expression you have on your face.

He—I was just thinking.

He—Where did you get that bump on your head?

She—Oh! that's where a thought struck me.

"What's wrong with your car?"

"It won't run."

"Who told you? I know you didn't figure it out for yourself."

Latin Prose Instructor—Slave, where is thy horse?

Startled Freshman—It's right here, Professor, but I wasn't using it, really!



PORTRAITS OF DISTINCTION

Stevenson

HOME AND STUDIO
PORTRAITURE

*SITTINGS BY
APPOINTMENT
ONLY*

Waverly 5715
21 Randolph Place Newark, N. J.

WILLIAM DIXON, Inc.

Importers and Manufacturers of
TOOLS AND SUPPLIES

NEWARK, N. J.

Compliments of
A FRIEND

Tel. Mul. 0800-0801

SIMON DAVIS

Restaurant

Catering in Every Detail

943 BROAD STREET
NEWARK, N. J.

Mark P. Foster, Inc.

Commercial Printers

56 Pine Street, New York

BEGEROW'S

1060 BROAD STREET

Flowers

Featuring

Silver Kid and

Satin Slippers

Dyed to Match

Your Gown

A. A. Eisele & Sons653 Broad St., Newark

Tel. B. B. 1178

**ARMORY
RIDING SCHOOL**

(Incorporated)

A. ST. JOHN BOYCOTT, President

Branch Stable:

10 Northfield Avenue

West Orange, N. J.

Longer under the same management
than any Riding School in
New Jersey

110-120 ROSEVILLE AVE.

NEWARK, N. J.

(Essex Troop Stables)

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Tel. B. B. 2801

H. SPECKMANN

Home-made Ice Cream and
Fine Candies

677 MT. PROSPECT AVE.
NEWARK, N. J.

Families, Parties, Churches, Etc.
Supplied

All Orders Receive Prompt and
Careful Attention

Tel. B. B. 9893

**LADY DOROTHY
HAIRDRESSING PARLORS**
EDNA ROY, Prop.

Facial Massage Hair Culture
Almond Meal Treatment
Shampooing French Wave
Marcelling Bobbing
Manicuring, Etc.

Personal Scientific Treatments of
Hair, Skin and Scalp

Appointments at Your Convenience

Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Mon. and Fri. Till 9 P. M.

681 Mt. Prospect Avenue
Newark, N. J.

From the Beginning to the Concert Stage

ALEXANDER BERNE PIANO SCHOOL

ALEXANDER BERNE, Director

Assisted by a Staff of Competent and Qualified Instructors

28 EAST KINNEY STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

PIANO—ORGAN—HARMONY

Frances Fox Institute

Twenty-five Years Successfully
Treating the Scalp

1019 BROAD STREET
(Medical Arts Bldg.)

Tel. Market 4716

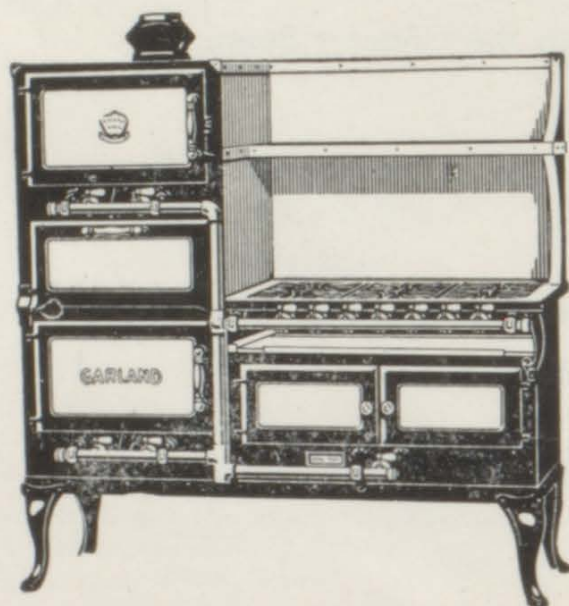
Phone Market 7830

DELANEY

Corsets and Brassieres

Cor. West Park & Halsey Sts.
Newark, N. J.

Corsets Fitted and Alterations
Made Free of Charge



Garland and Andes Gas
Ranges

Faultless Ranges and
Heaters

Chambers Fireless Gas
Ranges

Colonial Table Top
Ranges

"Clow" Gas Steam
Radiators

Maier-Rich & Co.

"The Home of Good Stoves"

41 & 47 Bloomfield Ave.

At Park Avenue

Newark, N. J.

Convenient Terms Arranged

"At the Sign of the Semaphore"

THE TIME TABLE SHOP

Is now in its new home

450 Passaic Avenue

Corner of Satterthwaite Avenue

Main Line: REAL ESTATE

Branches: GIFTS ANTIQUES

AFTERNOON TEA

"Gifts Reflect Thought"

Compliments of A FRIEND	CLASS OF 1928
----------------------------	---------------

SMITH AND SMITH

"HOME FOR SERVICES"

160 CLINTON AVENUE

NEWARK, N. J.

The **GOERKE** *Co.*

"Closest to the Heart of Newark"

BROAD, CEDAR AND HALSEY STREETS

Asbury Park

Philadelphia

FRANK'S

Wearing Apparel
Women's and Misses'

911 BROAD STREET
NEWARK, N. J.

Tel. Market 2670

When in need of Perfumes,
Face Powders or Toilet Goods
of any description, come in and
let us help you select. We
have all the latest creations:
Coty's, Houbigaut's, Hudnut's,
Woodworth's, etc.

ARNOLDS PHARMACY
MT. PROSPECT AVENUE
Cor. Heller Parkway

Phone Branch Brook 4134

GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Diamonds *Platinum Jewelry*

Watches *Gold Jewelry*

Lenox China *Silverware*

The  **ISS** Store
665 Broad St.
Established 1848

Cakes at Day's
Ice Cream at Day's
DAY
IS THE CATERER
899 BROAD STREET

Newark Academy

Founded 1792

Wilson Farrand
Head Master

Thorough preparation for any
college or scientific school, or
for business life.

Catalogue on Application

Phone Branch Brook 3287

**MT. PROSPECT
STATIONERY STORE**

High Grade Candy
Circulating Library
Latest Books and Novels
Sporting Goods
Kodaks
Developing and Printing
Place Cards
Party Favors
Highland and Eaton Crane
Stationery
Playing Cards
Greeting Cards for
All Occasions
669 Mt. Prospect Avenue

Compliments of
A FRIEND



New
CHEVROLET
• FOLEY •
CHEVROLET MOTOR SALES CO.
957-959 BROAD ST. — 554 BROAD ST.
NEWARK, N. J.

Tel. Market 3168

WETTLIN STUDIO

Portraits Made in Home or
Studio

917 BROAD STREET
(Over Keer's)

Tel. B. B. 8561

ART CRAFT GIFT SHOP

MARY AYERS

Hats of Charm
RUTH GANNON

665 MT. PROSPECT AVE.

Jr. I
and
Jr. II

Compliments of
A FRIEND

PAUL J. NUGENT and CO.

776 BROAD STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

Members, N. Y. Stock Exchange

Telephone Mulberry 4710

VOIGHT & BRYCE INC.

Real Estate and Insurance

810 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

This Space Won by
Sr. III Class

Compliments of
A FRIEND

CLASS OF 1927

CLASS OF 1929

Tel. Market 7124

GEORGE E. ILSLEY

Furrier

41 HALSEY STREET

(Opposite Hahne's)

NEWARK, N. J.

McDONOUGH

Florist

376 BELLEVILLE AVE.

Tel. Connection

WILLIAM WARD CRANE

Electragist

679 MT. PROSPECT AVE.

NEWARK, N. J.

Photographic

Portraiture

HOWARD SOMERS

607 BROAD STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

North End Fruit Market

153 Bloomfield Ave.

Newark, N. J.

Estab. 1865

Telephone Mulberry 1043

J. RUCKELSHAUS' SONS

FURNITURE AND RUGS

228 MARKET STREET

NEWARK, N. J.

BAKER PRINTING CO.

PRINTING STATIONERY

OFFICE FURNITURE

251 MARKET STREET

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

TELEPHONE MITCHELL 4660

